

THE COMPANION

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—“A safe COMPANION, and an EASY Friend.”—Pope.—

VOL. II.

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FOR THE EDITOR.

THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE
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THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

THE SPY.

No. III.—SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1806.

Its music is not like that of rhyme, confined to a single couplet, but takes in a great compass so as in some measure to rival music properly so called. The interval between its cadences may be long or short at pleasure, and by that means its melody, with respect both to richness and variety is superior far to that of rhyme.

HUME. ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

IF we are to judge from the original compositions which the English language affords in every species of poetical excellence, those in blank verse, would claim most merit, whether the subjects were sublime or pathetic; moral or descriptive. Good blank verse seems to be confined to a chosen few indeed; from which its superior difficulty and excellence may be safely argued. By good blank verse is meant the compositions of Milton, Young, Thomson, Shakespear, Akenside, Armstrong and Cowper, particularly. From the variety of which its style is susceptible, as exemplified in the works of these authors, who certainly differ materially in the construction of their versification; its superiority is still more discernible, and it fortunately combines the facility of exhibiting to us, every other poetical beauty, with the power of approaching nearer to the language of nature, divested of the restraints and formality of corresponding couplets whether regular or irregular. I believe in the works of the above writers, whatever ranks in the highest scale of poetic beauty may be found; and this in a language eminently rich, vigorous, copious and musical, equally adapted to give sublimity to the most elevated subjects, richness and full-

ness to the most luxuriant description, and beauty to the most lovely and fascinating subjects.

It has the peculiar felicity of adapting its movements, if I may so express myself, to whatever the occasion may be—assuming the slow and stately deportment of morals or the epic; and the graceful air of fancy and imagery.

It would be easy to shew by suitable extracts from these productions that my remarks are not mere declamation—but as the field of quotation is boundless, and would transgress the limits assigned to the present essay, I will postpone the attempt for a future number of the Spy.—Never was there a question however more completely a matter of taste than this. The lines of Hammond and Collins and the melody of Pope's numbers may possibly have the most advocates; the ear is gratified differently, and where the specimens are both excellent, it is difficult to erect the standard of undoubted preference.

The French critics may think it barbarous, and we may retort the compliment upon their productions.

If the pathos and dignity of tragedy are benefitted by rhymical speeches, they are in the right, but if it is more natural for heroes to imitate, as nearly as possible, the natural and daily language of men and of passion; why should we make them vent their rage in a gingle, or pay a compliment to a mistress in a complete couplet.

Johnson in his critique on the books of Milton, gives a decided opinion against blank verse, in the comparison with rhyme—and yet strangely contradicts himself in speaking of the Paradise Lost, Thomson's Seasons and the Night Thoughts. Of the former, he says, “But what—ever be the advantage of rhyme, I cannot prevail on myself to wish that Milton had been a rhymers; for I cannot wish his work to be other than it is: He that thinks himself capable of astonishing may write blank verse; but those that hope only to please, must condescend to rhyme.” Of the Seasons thus—“His is one of the works in which blank verse seems properly

“used; Thomson’s wide expansion of general views, and his enumeration of circumstantial varieties, would have been obstructed and embarrassed by the frequent intersections of the sense which are the necessary effects of rhyme.” And finally of Young—“In his Night Thoughts he has exhibited a very wide display of original poetry, a wilderness of thought, in which the fertility of fancy scatters flowers of every hue and of every odour. This is one of the few poems in which blank verse could not be changed for rhyme but with disadvantage. The wild diffusion of the sentiments and the digressive sallies of imagination, would have been compressed and restrained by regard to rhyme.”

I think enough is here surely conceded to the lovers of blank verse. These three works collectively possess as much beauty as all the other English poetic productions taken together; for whatever an accurate knowledge of human kind, a just imitation of nature and a close acquaintance with every rhetorical embellishment can bestow, may be found therein—and in a style of versification which this great critic himself would not wish to see changed.

The blank verse of all the authors mentioned at the commencement of this essay, differs widely—and I will merely intrude upon the patience of my readers by taking a cursory review of their various styles.

The continued strain of sublimity which runs through the first and second books of *Paradise Lost*, is supported by great dignity and elevation of manner in the style. Very different indeed from the copious and soft language in which the Garden of Paradise and the dialogue of its inhabitants appear. The smoothest lines of Pope cannot exceed the exquisite softness and melody of the verse in *Comus*. It is musick to the ear of the poet, who may exclaim in borrowed language,

Can any mortal mixture of earth’s mould
Give such divine enchanting ravishment?

No blank verse abounds with instances of greater sublimity than Young’s *Night Thoughts*, though of a moral kind. Any person at all acquainted with these two writers will perceive a sensible difference in the structure of their verse; Milton’s having considerably more richness and harmony. Akenside is not so often elevated in his subject, but he has occasionally given noble instances of sublimity, and unquestionably numbers of great beauty. He appears to have an ear of great delicacy—and the difference between him and the others, appears to proceed from his sentences being more extended and filled with words generally more harmoniously arranged.

Shakespeare need not be brought into a comparison here, as the dramatick form of his compositions must necessarily create a difference; indeed when properly read or spoken it approaches near to the common language of men. Hamlet’s soliloquy for instance or Othello’s, or Macbeth’s though master pieces of composition, when spoken by Fennel or Cowper, would scarcely discover a metrical form at all.

We have been told already by a great critic that Thomson’s verse is entirely original, and resembles no other whatever. That it has every kind of merit, will be readily allowed.

Cowper’s poem of the Task has less claim to reputation than the superior productions of most of those mentioned, (in which opinion I believe I differ from many) in any respect, but particularly in the construction of his verse, in which I never could discover either dignity or softness, sublimity or harmony. It is the most prosaic style in the language, and I merely quote it here, as another example of a variety in the composition of blank verse.

Armstrong remains to be noticed, and though the subject of his poem is rather sterile to produce either the stately oak or blooming flower; it is justly distinguished as an elegant and correct composition. It is blank verse in a most sprightly pleasing form, and from the specimens of the author’s powers of fancy afforded in two of the divisions of his poem, it is to be regretted that he had not attempted a subject less familiar, barren, and destitute of ornament.

In quoting authors in the preceding manner merely with a view to enumerate varieties of style in the first class of composition, it will be found a most difficult matter to distinguish the shades of difference. It would be like attempting to prove that one concerto or piece of musick was superior to another without any rule or guide but a nice ear, and would no doubt appear to the man of business, metaphysician, or mathematician as useless and contemptible an occupation, as collecting butterflies or shells. I need only remark that to my ear the above authors independent of their great merit and beauty, differ in the construction of their versification, which affords to blank verse an advantage over the other kinds of poetry, in which all good authors resemble each other in every thing but their matter. We can scarcely take up a paper (for instance, Mr. Easy’s) that we do not meet with lines as smooth and harmonious as Pope’s, however insignificant may be the claim to poetic merit. This cannot be said of blank verse—it must be good to be tolerated—we therefore scarcely ever meet with any specimens.

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I am conscious I have shewn considerable courage in announcing my taste and opinions so dogmatically before so enlightened a community as this; and if they should prove erroneous, I have no doubt but some of the learned contributors to this Miscellany will take me in hand and teach me how to spy into literary matters with more precaution and efficacy.

ON PHYSIOGNOMY.

No. V.

FOR THE COMPANION.

In one of his books, Lavater has described a preternatural countenance—that is, I suppose, a countenance the most excellent to be formed. From the celebrity of this extraordinary description, I doubt not that most of my readers are well acquainted with the prominent traits of character contained in it. Now, though I sincerely loath from my heart all show of vanity and conceit, I will venture to take upon myself the description of a countenance and head more pleasing than his.

The head rather large and somewhat long; circular, when viewed from behind and when viewed in profile exhibiting almost, but not quite a perfect springing arch, rather lower before than behind, covered with bright copious hair, something deeper than chesnut and having less of the red, in large curling masses.

Forehead rather high and broad, almost straight for about an inch, and then gently retreating, rather square than round, almost imperceptibly indented in the middle.

Eye-brows of a middling length, full and compressed, somewhat darker than the hair of the head, not perfectly arched, having a very slight waving from the middle towards the nose; rather below than above the bone. Eyes of a middle size, neither prominent nor sunken, of a dark hazle grey, and of liquid lustre; the iris rather larger in proportion.

The descent to the nose rather long, very little turned in, the nose gently aqueline, the back of it more flat than rounding, two-fifths of an inch broad all the way down, the point agreeable to the eye—nostrils rather large and just visible when seen in front.

The upper lip, improper as it is called, or the space between the nose and mouth, rather short. The lips full but not pouting, or blubber; the under one a little larger than the other. The line formed by their easy junction agreeably waving.

The chin a little prominent and rounding, but interrupted—difficult to determine whether long or short, but rather the former.

But Lavater says nothing of the general form of the face. It must by no means be oval, unless we can properly use the expression of square oval—

Lavater says nothing of complexion. Is it possible to conceive that physiognomy has nothing to do with colour. Over the face I have drawn, I include colour. The complexion the lightest of brown, animated with a mixture of red with deeper brown. Blue and yellow all in their proper places—not that I mean that insipid large blotch in the cheeks which most men admire—No! the cheeks should be more red than the other parts, but none of them should be destitute of red except the temples. The nose and chin should be a little, but very little red. The forehead a little more.

Such I conceive to be a head and face entitling the mortal who should possess it, to the admiration of all mankind, to the love and friendship of all within his reach.

HEAD No. 6 AT ST. MEMINS.

The heads before described, with an exception to the correct profile of a *philosopher*, were extremely good, and it pleases me much to be able to say, after a long and attentive study of each contained in the room they are upon the whole such as a physiognomist would be pleased in contemplating, and upon all but one or two would pass a favourable judgment.

There is one head I have been studying for some time, which shall be the subject of a future number, when I shall have it in my power, by a more attentive examination to speak at large. But for the present I cannot forbear to make some few comments.

A false pretender; unworthy, unfaithful, malevolent; a prey to envy, hatred and malice. More, much more than the dry hardness of the pinched in, wrinkled mouth, betoken these. Who could suppose this head capable of any high or profound exercise of the understanding? Rooted and unbounded avarice are apparent throughout the whole countenance. Can any benevolent, wise or virtuous man look, or walk thus? Where is the man, however inobservant, daring enough to maintain the affirmative? None can be found, *unless* as destitute of courage and of as little observation as the original of this shade. But let us turn from nature so debased, and rejoice that thousands of people afford not a countenance more abominable; and relieve ourselves by the grateful contemplation of

No. 7.

The form of the head and forehead, denote sound understanding and stability becoming a man, not less than

a female: But they certainly do denote a pertinacious adherence to opinions however erroneously adopted, and a thorough conviction that *her* judgment, *her will* ought always to prevail, no matter if opposed by the dictates of superior judgment. Such is the trait, and like a queen she will declare her will, but like a good queen she will be mostly governed by the suggestions of wisdom and benevolence.

Deliberate observation, penetration, and discretion, are displayed in the full well-formed eye—Firmness is also seen in the nose, which speaks likewise fine taste and delicacy. How charming are the inviting, gently closed lips, discovering animated benevolence and pure angelic love. What in most other faces is expressed by the chin is absent from this innocent, lovely face. He that could suspect grossness from this chin, might suspect the goddess Diana herself of sensuality.

I cannot forbear to speak even of the neck, like a firm beauteous pillar of alabaster, supporting the mildly dignified head. Seldom does the *physiognomist*, descend below the chin. But true physiognomical sensation perceives pregnant marks even in a light springing foot and well turned delicate ankle. It perceives them too in the finely rounded arm, the taper finger, and transparent exquisite nails.

O! young man, whoever thou art, that fate has decreed to possess this excellent woman,—let it be thy constant study to deserve her. Contemplate her perfections. Respect the little foible I have pointed out, and use every gentle effort to amend it. Cherish—love—adore her! So shall thy happiness in this life be secured.

No. 8.

What an amiable head is here exhibited! I would as soon suspect the sun of cheating the moon of its light, as suppose this head to be that of a thief or a robber. He cannot be mean, it is impossible. If he has ever committed a crime, it has not been a premeditated one. Youthful folly he may possibly have committed of the least hurtful kind.

This is the kind of man, that, from his countenance, I should choose to associate with. On very great occasions I might not depend on him further than that I should expect him to be zealous. Still I conceive his talents to be by no means contemptible. ZOPHYRUS.

FOR THE COMPANION.

Mr. Easy,

I am very much pleased with the Observers that have been lately communicated in your useful paper. The motto of the first is peculiarly applicable to such a subject, I

therefore willingly adopt it, and I propose occasionally to pursue the idea so very judiciously suggested.

There is no association of men that do not often require hints for their government. In newly settled countries this must be peculiarly necessary, especially as in these, opportunities often occur of amassing large fortunes by those who have had a very limited education, and who can not be possessed of the information necessary to their securing that respectability which is believed to attach to wealth. Riches are not to be attained by those to whom they do not devolve by inheritance, without much care and attention, without a certain degree of sagacity which is best suitable to such pursuits. If the exercise of these qualities is attended with success, great merit is assumed by the adventurer, and the full coffers that are often the result, almost inevitably fill the mind with ideas of great superiority.

These ideas are not always gratified, especially in a free country, where the law makes no distinctions, where there are no privileged orders and where all are presumed to be on a footing of equality. Unreasonable claims of superiority are often resisted in a very mortifying manner, and the remembrance of a mean origin is brought into view, not seldom to the extreme disquietude of those who ardently wish it should be forgotten.

A planter in one of the lately cultivated parts of this great continent had originally been a drummer. By his uncommon industry, and proportionate economy he became immensely rich, more so than many of the princes of Europe. Fearful of being puffed up with his extraordinary good fortune, he had a drum placed in his best room, in that into which he received the friends he most delighted to honor. He frequently exercised himself upon it, and often remarked that it was necessary he should be reminded of his being once subject to command, in order to correct his manner of exacting obedience from those who were now placed under his authority. This was an example well worthy of imitation.

Several years ago, I remember to have been in the house of a man who from a slender beginning had accumulated a very large fortune. He was perhaps the wealthiest of the community to which he belonged. Whilst I was sitting with him, one of his most intimate acquaintances came in, accompanied by a stranger. This stranger's appearance expressed poverty, although he looked as if he had once seen better days. After the usual salutations, the friend addressing himself to the self-deemed great man, said "I have brought with me, sir, a gentleman with whom you were formerly in some degree of intimacy, but perhaps, in the length of time that has

elapsed, sir,

him." up his eye indeed I thought to recollect the

Man is ignorant of those who manner in circumstances keep out of originated, some a have those who more effect who is so in vours will forgotten the so often will

A rich man respect, she is a consequence a restraint tion. So true to himself,

Wealth vility of de contrary, the as a condescendous increase get what pro one fellow of pendage of those among is sure to c who have be it may be a reflection con

We have be Natural E ence betw however might be to some o has vanish teresting making se

elapsed, since you have seen him you may have forgotten him." The rich man answered, without deigning to lift up his eye, or regard him who was thus announced, "No, indeed I do not remember him." I could not resist the thought that occurred, my friend, you do not wish to recollect the DRUM.

Man is a tractable animal—without being taught, he is ignorant of every thing. It is absolutely necessary that those who have acquired wealth should be informed of the manner in which they may best acquit themselves in circumstances so very new. Such men are generally anxious to keep out of view the humble station, from whence they originated, and in order to effect this, are very apt to assume a haughty demeanour, and to treat with contempt those who have been less successful. There cannot be a more effectual way to defeat their design. Every man who is so improperly made to feel the failure of his endeavours will certainly say or think, "my friend, you have forgotten the drum"—as often as this conduct is repeated, so often will the painful remembrance be revived.

A rich man when he meets another who has a claim to respect, should always be the first to salute, because there is a consequence attached to wealth which will operate as a restraint upon him who is of more circumscribed condition. So treated, the latter will feel no temptation to say to himself, *you were once my equal, perhaps my inferior.*

Wealth without good breeding, that is, without a civility of demeanour, extorts execrations. Where, on the contrary, this is uniformly observed, it is received, if not as a condescension, certainly as a proof that an adventitious increase of fortune has not caused the possessor to forget what propriety demands, and what is certainly due from one fellow creature to another. The most flattering appendage of a superior station is to be well thought of by those amongst whom we live—civility costs very little, and is sure to command a very bountiful return from those who have been less highly favoured, and all who practice it may be assured they will never awaken the painful reflection connected by too many with the DRUM.

We have been promised by a friend a series of papers on Natural History; but we find to our regret, the difference between *promise* and *performance*. Thinking however that to this subject, a part of our miscellany might be devoted both with advantage and amusement to some of our readers, and having waited until all hope has vanished of receiving any thing original on this interesting topic, we think it better to adopt the plan of making selections, and now present to our readers, the

history of the Silkworm, from Bingley's Animal Biography, a work of much merit, and we believe not generally known here.

THE SILKWORM.*

The silk worm is found in a native state on mulberry-trees in China and some others of the eastern countries, from whence it was originally introduced into Europe in the reign of the emperor Justinian. It is, however, at this time become, in a commercial view, one of the most valuable of all the insects; affording the delicate and beautiful threads that are afterwards woven into silk, and used in garments in almost all parts of the world.

In the warmer climates of the east, the silk worms are left at liberty upon the trees, where they are hatched, and on which they form their cocoons; but in cooler countries where these animals have been introduced, they are kept in a room with a south aspect, built for the purpose, and fed every day with fresh leaves.

The eggs are of a straw colour, and each about the size of a pin's head. At its birth the worm is entirely black, and about as long as a small ant; and it retains this colour eight or nine days. The worms are put on wicker shelves, covered first with paper, and on this with a bed of the most tender of the mulberry-leaves. Several ranges are placed, one above another in the same chamber, about a foot and a half apart. The scaffolding for these ranges should however be in the middle of the room, and the shelves not too deep. The worm continues feeding during eight days after its birth, when it becomes about a fourth of an inch in length: it then experiences a kind of lethargic sleep for three days, during which it casts its skin. It now feeds for about five days, and is considerably increased in size, when a second sickness comes on. In the next ten days it experiences two other attacks, by which time it has attained its full growth, and is somewhat more than an inch in length and two lines in thickness. It then feeds during five days with a most voracious appetite, after which it refuses food, becomes transparent, with a tinge of yellow, and leaves its silky traces on the leaves that it passes over. These signs denote that it is ready to begin its cocoon, in which it is to undergo its change into a chrysalis.—The animals are then furnished with little bushes of heath or broom stuck upright between the shelves: they climb up the twigs, where, after a little while, they begin the foundation of their lodge, and are five days in spinning the cocoon. They generally remain in this state about forty-seven days.

The retreat that they thus form is a cone or ball of silk,

**Phalæna Mori*.—*Linn.*

spun from two longish bags that lie above the intestines, and are filled with a gummy fluid of a marigold colour. The apparatus with which the animal is furnished for spinning the silky threads that principally compose this bag, resembles in some measure a wire-drawer's machine, in which gold or silver threads are drawn to any degree of fineness; and through this the animal draws its thread with great assiduity. As every thread proceeds from two gum-bags, it is probable that each supplies its own; which however are united as they proceed from the animal's body. If we examine the thread with a microscope, it will be found flattened on one side, and grooved along its whole length. Hence we may infer that it is doubled just upon its leaving the body, and that the two threads stick to each other, by the gummy quality they possess.

In a state of nature the Silkworm, previous to the spinning of its web, seeks out some convenient place to erect its cell without any obstruction. When it has found a leaf, or a chink fitted to its purpose, it begins to writhe its head in every direction, and fastens its threads on every side to the walls of its retreat. These, being continued, form at length the little oval ball in which it is to undergo its change.

The exterior of the cocoon is composed of a kind of rough cotton-like substance, which is called floss; within, the thread is more distinct and even; and next the body of the aurelia the apartment seems lined with a substance of the hardness of paper but of a much stronger consistence. The thread which composes the cocoon is not rolled regularly round, but lies upon it in a very irregular manner, and winds off first from one side, and then from the other.

In the course of six or seven days all the cocoons are generally formed: they are then taken off the branches of beath, and divided into classes. The best are strong, and of a pure unspotted colour. Some are white, and others yellow. The good ones are firm and sound, of a fine grain, and have both ends round and strong. Those of a bright yellow yield more silk than the others. But the pale ones are preferred, because they take certain colours better, and because, since they contain less gum than the others, they lose less than those in boiling.

Five or six days after the cocoon has been detached from the branches, the birth of the moth is prevented, as this would otherwise pierce the shell, and thereby render the cocoon useless. To prevent this, the cocoons are put into long shallow baskets, covered up, and baked for about an hour in an heat equal that of an oven from which the bread has just drawn after being baked.

After the baking, they are disposed in a proper manner on ozier shelves, distributed into stories two or three feet distant from each other.

The whole thread if measured will be found about three hundred yards long; and it is so very fine that eight or ten threads are generally rolled off into one by the manufacturers. For this purpose the cocoons are put into small coppers or basons of water, each over a small fire. The ends of the threads are found by brushing them over gently with a whisk made for the purpose, and in winding, they are each passed through a hole in an horizontal bar of iron placed at the edge of the bason, which prevents them from becoming entangled.

It is generally a fortnight or three weeks before the insect within the cocoon is changed into a moth; but no sooner is it completely formed, than having divested it self of its aurelia skin, it prepares to burst through its prison. For this purpose it extends its head towards the point of the cocoon, and gnaws a passage through its cell, small at first, but enlarging as the animal increases its efforts for emancipation. The tattered remnants of its aurelia skin are left in confusion with the cocoon, like a little bundle of dirty linen.

The animal, thus set free, appears exhausted with fatigue, and seems produced for no other purpose than to transmit a future brood. The male dies immediately after its conjunction with the female; and she only survives him till she has laid her eggs, which are to be hatched into worms in the ensuing spring.

In many parts of Italy, the inhabitants contrive to have two silk harvests in the year. They keep the eggs in very cool places, and when the mulberry trees (after having been stripped entirely of their leaves for former worms) begin to bud a second time, they expose the eggs to be hatched.

During the whole time in which the animals continue in a warm state, the utmost care and attention is necessary, as they are extremely susceptible of cold, dampness, and unpleasant smells.*

* Hare and Skinner on the progress of the Silkworm from the Egg. Amer. Phil. Tran. ii, 347.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

To several charming poets who have favoured us with their effusions, which have appeared in the two last numbers, we offer our sincerest thanks, and we would intreat them whenever they invoke the Muses, to permit us to embellish the pages of the Companion with their productions.

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But what shall we say to some correspondents, in prose as well as poetry, who have heaped on us the plentiful offspring of their all-prolific brains—we have folios of morality, quartos of sentiment—and as for rhymes, the table at which we are now seated groans beneath their weight. To some of these writers we would recommend a course of orthography, beginning even with the primer—others we would ask for a key by which we might obtain an insight to their meaning.

A TRITON announces himself, as one of our future correspondents, with a loud sounding conch indeed—we give a specimen of the poetic melody this Sea-God awakens from his shell.

ON THE DEATH OF TWO LITTLE BIRDS.

"Alas why do I take delight
To persecute this race
And wound whole flocks with dire affright
As o'er the fields I pace

"Here see the harmless victim lies
Low prostrate to my gun
I do not hear their helpless cries
Can this be called fun" &c. &c.

Ye muses hide your diminished heads!!! Our own Apollo reigns.

And now for the prose that ushers in these *immortal rhymes*.

"I give you my honour that whatever *Trifles* may appear under the following *fictitious* motto, shall be the genuine productions of my pen not in the least blended with the egregious offspring of *rapine, rape, or piracy*, let it meet your approbation or not." TRITON.

Heaven grant that the "itching bewitching" propensity of this redoubtable son of Neptune may forsake him, unless he can bring with him something besides weeds of such rank growth from his watery abode.

The following sublime "retrospect of human existence" we cannot resist giving in toto.

"A FUGITIVE OR DESULTORY POEM,
occasioned from a retrospect of human existence.

When the moon had commenc'd her nocturnal career,
To illumine the sublunar scene;
Thro' the sky's lofty concave no clouds did appear:
Nature's aspect beam'd smiles most serene.

The tortois'd garb'd gentry had abandon'd those marts,
In which belles and beaux did display

The simper—the languish—those crocodile arts,
Which their finical finesse cou'd play.

Absorb'd in reflection—I then glauc'd o'er the stage
On which mankind are destin'd to tread:

Those rainbow'd high prospects our strain'd hopes of presage,
Are with destructive abortions repaid.

When juvenile ardor self control disdains,

Basks in pleasure's illusory gleam;

Thro' these vice beck'ning portals grim misery reigns:

Sensual bliss is thus mask'd in a dream.

Eagle winged ambition, unresisted, may soar,
Mankind's rights, spurn indignant, behind;

[Softly sweet in heavenly measures.]

Stern justice, like Cato, freedom's loss may deplore,
Self victim'd at tyranny's shrine!

The despotic Sphynx, who has gormandiz'd Gaul,
[This Sphynx must have had a good stomach.]

Has attain'd his climacteric goal;

Yet this speck evanescent—this sublunar ball,

Seems a mole hill compar'd to his soul!

The disciples of Mammon distort ev'ry nerve

Their shark stomachs avarice to fill;

In self thus incrust'd, from social they swerve—

Counteract what our nature's instill.

Tho reason retraces truth's august abode,

And invig'rates the mind that is free;

Yet privileg'd error obscures nature's road

And reverses her sacred decree!

Thus man, victim'd man, to woe's trinity chain'd

Av'rice, priest craft and tyranny's sway;

Is a foil in that scale th' eternal ordain'd—

Since all *less graded* natures obey

Ah! why then I cry'd with a throb heaving heart,

Heav'n's boon be thus lessn'd with woe:

Heav'n can't be accus'd for what our vices impart,

In this reason proof drama below"

Alas! alas!

Still her old empire to restore she tries,

For born a goddess, *Dullness* never dies.

And now we have to offer an apology to our friend M. A. for an inconceivable blunder of which we were guilty in his note on the Duke de Lauzun—but in truth we claim his sympathy; for the epidemical cacoethes scribendi, which has prevailed for some weeks, has oppressed us with a weight of literary lead, that would have dulled the keenest wit. This united with the influence of the warm weather, has really sunk our faculties into a lethargic state—to it then we attribute the stupid mistake we made. We flatter ourselves however that M. A. will find, that Mr. Easy is not dead, but doseth.

For "Monarchist" in erratum, page 270, read *monarchien*; a word for which, like sans culottes, there is no English translation.

We would ask ZOPHYRUS if fancy did not outstrip reason, when he decided so conclusively upon the face he has imagined? "Such I conceive to be a head and face, entitling the mortal who should possess it, to the love and admiration of all mankind." Can a head and face deserve all this? and will Zephyrus kindly tell us, what it is that "true physiognomonical sensation perceives, in the finely rounded arm, the taper finger, and transparent exquisite nails?" The inimitable Boileau has said,

Aimez donc la raison; que toujours vos écrits

Empruntent d'elle, et leur lustre et leur prix:

"Love then good sense, that your writings may always borrow from her both their lustre and their value."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE COMPANION.

TO — ON HER BIRTH DAY.

Lead the dance begin the song,
Bring delight and love along;
Let each bosom now be gay,
'Tis Amanda's natal day!—

Haste ye maidens, to the green,
Where the riv'let ever sheen;
Murmuring winds its mazy round,
O'er the flower-enamel'd ground—
Where coy wood nymphs nightly haunt,
And their dulcet numbers chant.—

See, advance the lovely fair!
Now your choicest gifts prepare;
And with garland wreaths of green,
Deck the little rosy queen!

Now—behold that neck of snow,
Mark those cheeks that ever glow;
Like the early rose of May,
Blushing from the eye of day!

Hark! sweet music fills the sky,
Sure 'tis Oberon that's nigh;
With his little elfin train,
While the dryads join the strain—
Drawn by magic beauty's power,
They have left their secret bower;
Eager hast'ning to be bless'd,
Near Amanda's spotless breast!—

Matchless maid—divinely fair!
How shall mortals ever dare
To approach such envy'd charms,
Or persuade thee to their arms?

But, if destin'd to the joy,
O! what bliss shall hail the boy,
Whom Amanda deigns to prove,
Worthy of her virgin love!—

Ever beauteous, gay and young!
Sweet inspirer of my song!
O, may each returning year,
Find thee still, as happy; here;
Still, as now, by all caress'd,
Still, in every virtue bless'd!

FREDERICK.

THE HUMMING BIRD.

Beauteous little flutt'rer come,
Lull me with thy gentle hum;
While on rapid wing you roam
From thy curious pendant home.
I love to view thy rainbow dies,
(Whose changes mock th' enraptur'd eyes)
The richness of thy ruby crest,
Thy topaz neck and em'rald breast.
For thee has bloom'd each fragrant flow'r,
That scents this honeysuckle bow'r;

For thee the nectar'd drops distil,
To gratify thy dainty bill.

Then dip in every crimson cup,
And drink th' ambrosial bev'rage up;
I envy not thy honied bliss,
For mine is greater still than this.

Sweeter than all the sweets you sip,
Are those which hang on Ellen's lip;
The blush upon her cheek excels
The lustre of the coral bells.

Nor from the varying hues which deck
Thy changeful breast and golden neck,
Such bright and dazzling splendours fly,
As sparkle from my Ellen's eye.

But why, (ungrateful bird!) despise
The blossom rifled of its prize,
And with inconstant flight repair
To virgin flowers, to revel there.

Thus, by the villain man betray'd,
Full many an unsuspecting maid,
Sees the base spoiler of her charms
Desert her for another's arms.

JULIUS.

FOR THE COMPANION.

THE AFFECTIONATE HEART.

Let the great man, his pleasures possessing
Pomp and splendour for ever attend;
I prize not the shadowy blessing;
I ask the affectionate friend.

Tho' foibles may sometimes o'ertake him,
His footsteps from wisdom depart;
Yet my spirit shall never forsake him,
If he own the affectionate heart!

Affection, thou soother of care,
Without thee unfriended we rove,
Thou canst make e'en the desert look fair,
And thy voice, is the voice of the dove.

'Mid the anguish that preys on the breast
And the storms of mortality's state,
What shall lull the afflicted to rest
But the joys that on sympathy wait.

What is fame, bidding envy defiance?
The idol and bane of mankind!
What is wit, what is learning or science?
To the heart that is stedfast and kind.

Even genius may weary the sight,
By too fierce and too constant a blaze;
But affection (mild planet of night)
Grows lovelier, the longer we gaze!

It shall thrive when the flattering forms,
That encircle creation, decay;
It shall live 'mid the wide wasting storms,
That bear all, undistinguish'd away!

When time, at the end of his race,
Shall expire, with expiring mankind;
It shall stand on its permanent base,
It shall last till the wreck of the mind.

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